

JAN STRNAD and DENNIS FUJITAKE's

DALGODA

No. 7

\$2.00

\$2.70

in Canada



FUJITAKE
85

FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS

DALGODA

No. 7

January, 1986



JAN STRNAD

writer

DENNIS FUJITAKE

artist

MARK WHEATLEY

KATHRYN MAYER

colorists

GARY GROTH

editor

TOM MASON

design and production

KIM THOMPSON

associate editor

LINDA M. GORELL

typesetting

JULIE STRNAD

circulation

ANDREW CHRISTIE

promotion

INTRODUCTION BY JAN STRNAD

Hello, and welcome to *Dalgoda* #7. In place of the usual Introduction I'd like to bring you a blatantly commercial message.

Ever since the first issue of *Dalgoda* hit the stands I've wanted to own a *Dalgoda* shirt. **Dennis Fujitake** and I received the usual offers from potential licensees and we seriously considered them, but adding one more comic book character t-shirt to an already glutted market seemed a little pointless—I wanted the first *Dalgoda* item to be something special, maybe even something unique.

Moving to the west coast finally provided me with just the opportunity I'd been seeking. It came in the form of the Long John shirt from (who else?) Long John Shirts of California. Styled like the top half of a pair of longjohns, the Long John shirt is a snappy three-button affair available in three styles: long sleeve, short sleeve, and sleeveless. And to top things off, Long John is one of the best silkscreen printing outfits in Southern Cal.

There was only one hitch: Long John shirts aren't cheap, and offering them to distributors at the standard discount would mean charging a retail price that would whiten your hair. The only alternative was to solicit orders directly from fans and hope to sell enough shirts to make up a minimum order.

I proposed the idea to my wife, **Julie**, and requested her help in handling orders and mailing out shirts, and because she's a jewel, she agreed. Then I found out that operating a mail order business in California meant opening a Pandora's box of bureaucratic hassles: getting a business license, a permanent mailing address, a tax number, registering our business name with the county and publishing it in the local paper for a month, and on and on. All because I wanted a *Dalgoda* shirt. Was I willing to go to all this trouble?

I was. And so was born our company, "Morstuf"—a mail order retail outlet offering a single product: the Dal Shirt.

You'll see an ad for the Dal Shirt elsewhere in this issue (on page 32, to be precise). Julie and I will receive your orders; then we'll order the shirts custom cut, sewn, and printed by Long John; and finally we'll place each shirt in a tough Tyvek envelope for mailing and trudge the whole works off to the post office to ruin some poor clerk's day.

Keep in mind that we can't afford to stockpile extra shirts to sell later. So please, if you'd like a Dal Shirt, order it now.

Next issue: the dramatic conclusion of "The Canine Mutiny," *Dalgoda* writes a letter home, and a special sneak preview (all new!) of **Alan Moore** and **Steve Parkhouse's** electrifying comedy *The BoJeffries Saga*. See you then!

Dalgoda #7 is published by Fantagraphics Books, Inc., and is copyright © 1985 Fantagraphics Books, Inc. "The Canine Mutiny, Part One" is © 1985 Jan Strnad and Dennis Fujitake; "Journey" is © 1985 William Messner-Loebs. No part of this magazine may be reproduced without written permission from Fantagraphics Books and the authors. No similarity between the any of the names, characters, persons, and institutions in *Dalgoda* and those of any living or dead persons is intended, and any such similarity that may exist is purely coincidental. Letters to *Dalgoda* become the property of the magazine and are assumed intended for publication in whole or in part, and may therefore be used for those purposes. Available directly from the publisher for \$2.75: Fantagraphics Books, 4359 Cornell Road, Agoura Hills, CA 91301.

Color separations by IMPACT PRODUCTIONS, San Antonio, Texas. Printed in Canada.

THE Canine Mutiny

I want you to know, Greff, that I'm doing this purely out of a sense of duty! I don't owe you any favors!

I'll get some satisfaction tossing your carcass in a grave —don't think I won't!



Damn your hide, Greff! I don't deserve this! I never did *anything* to you!



First sign of insanity, Dal—talking to yourself.

I'm not talking to myself! I'm talking to HIM!



You're tired and all tensed up. Why don't you let *me* take a turn with the shovel?

I am not tense.



See there? You've pulled a muscle! Now will you rest a minute?

Oo-ohh... my back! I have to lie down!

Oww... I still can't believe it. The entire population of Canida—all my people, my friends—out there living on some other planet and I don't know where they went!

Yes, it's a damn shame.

But he knows! And he purposely died without telling me... all because he thinks I stole an assignment from him!

Been meaning to ask you about that...

It was about seven months ago. We knew the Nimp armada was on its way and someone would be chosen to fly the sub-space ship to Earth and ask for help.

Oh... gods! Nobody knows what really happened! You'll have to draw your own conclusions.

Ten of us were in training for the mission, but Greff was obviously the best candidate. Everybody knew it.

By the last day of the training the rest of us were just killing time. Greff would get the job...

"I remember that last day clearly. Greff had been called on to recap the details of the mission for the class. . . ."

... rendezvousing with the Air Force vessel here, off the eastern coast of the United States of America.

Thank you, Greff. Absolutely correct. You may take your seat.



"Everyone was proud of Greff. Primarily Greff himself. Greff would save Canida from the invading Nimp! Greff would receive a parade down the Champion Way!"

"As for me, my thoughts were elsewhere... specifically, on Greff's current girlfriend, Ardra, who'd be left behind when Greff shot off into sub-space."



DALGODA! The Earth ocean where the sub-space pilot will meet the carrier . . . name it!

Uh, um . . .
Atlan . . . no . . .
Pacif . . . no!
. . . uhm . . .

Kansas?

NO!

That was your last chance, Dalgoda!
I have a sub-space pilot to pick . . .
and it definitely won't be you!

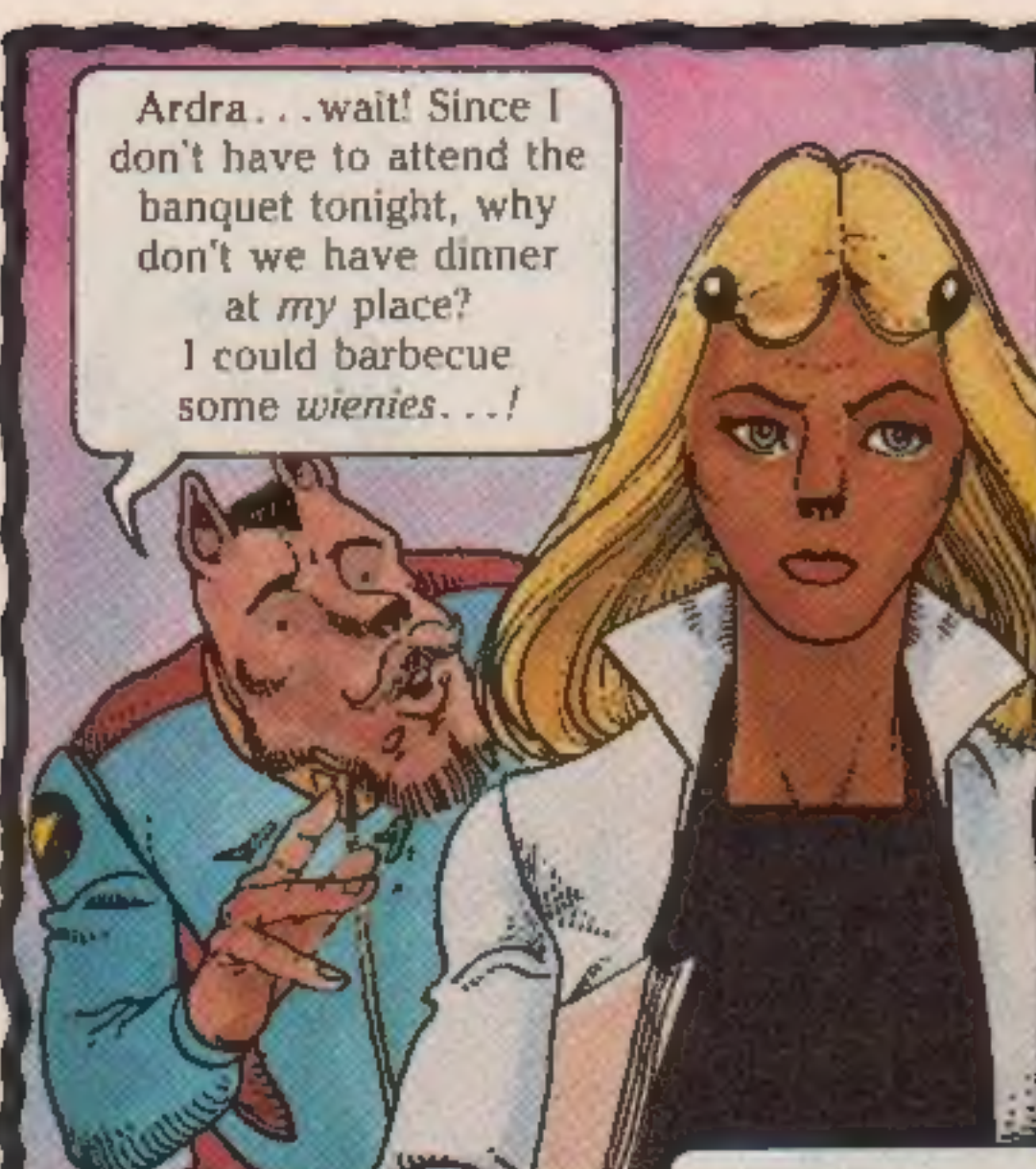
But . . . but
what
about the
banquet?

Tonight's banquet is
for trainees and
qualified sub-space
pilots . . . not flunk-
outs! Consider your-
self not invited!

WOOF

They're laying out quite a
spread for the banquet,
Dalgoda. Too bad
you'll miss it.

Ardra!



Ardra... wait! Since I don't have to attend the banquet tonight, why don't we have dinner at *my* place? I could barbecue some *wienies*...!



Wienies... Oh... ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!

Poor Dal!

Congratulations, Greff... and good luck!



"To no one's surprise, Greff won the mission. The announcement was made at the banquet that evening."

To Greff!



"I was humiliated and jealous—I'll admit it, I'd been kicked out of training... rejected by Ardra... while Greff's feet were firmly planted on *Glory Road*!"

Oh, he's the man of the ho-ur,
He's the man of the ho-ur,
He's the man of the how-ow-ow-ur...!

"And to top it all off, I was being tortured by the scent of..."



All that food! All that juicy, chewy, slurpy, wonderful food!

Here you go, Dal, I sneaked this out for you.

What? Soup!
But...!

But you could get kicked out
of the program for this!
Chim, I... I'm touched.

I have to get
back before
they miss me.
Fat chance of
that, huh?
Maybe I can
sneak you a
drumstick or
something later.

Thank you, Chim!
Thank you
very much!

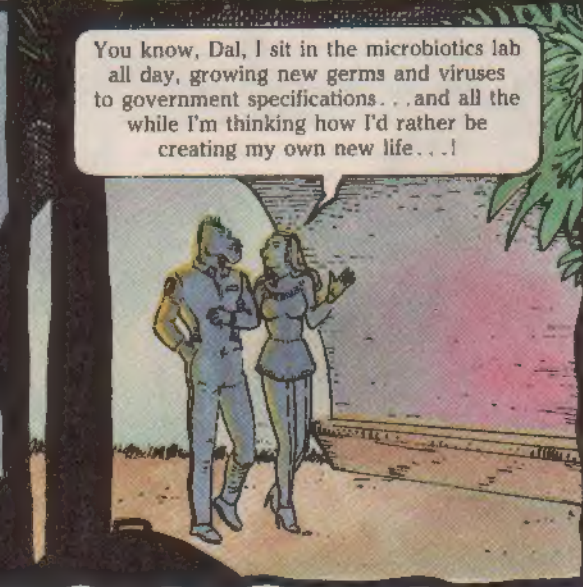
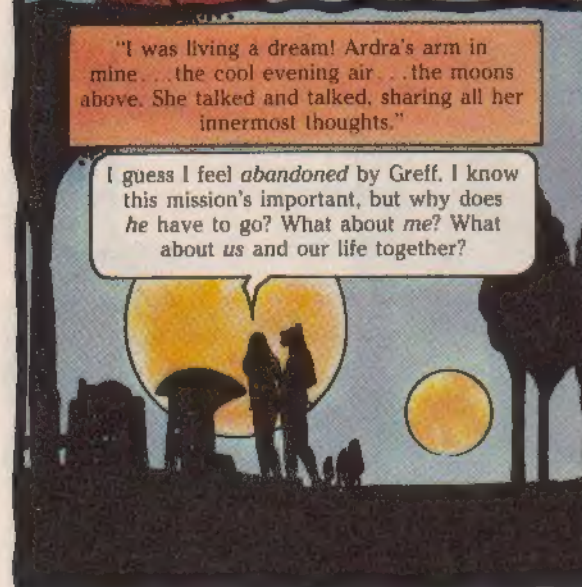
What a nice thing to do! Chim's a
sweet girl... very sweet indeed!

Chim! How very
thoughtful of you!

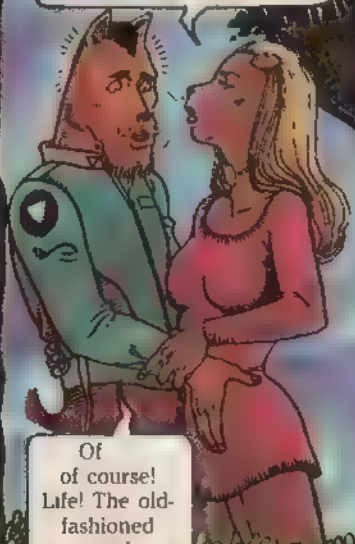
Well, I saw you sitting
out here and... I guess
I'm just an old sofie.

Dalgoda! Put down that
soup! DROP IT!

Ardra? What are
you doing here?
Did you come
to see...



right here in my own
womb! I want to make life
the *old-fashioned* way!
Do you know what
I'm trying to say?



Of
of course!
Life! The old-
fashioned
way!

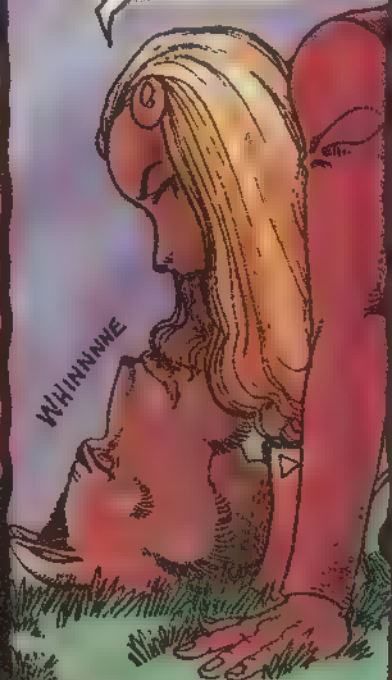
Help me, Dal! Help me do it!

B-b-b

But I thought
you and
Greff...!



Forget Greff Right
now it's you I want



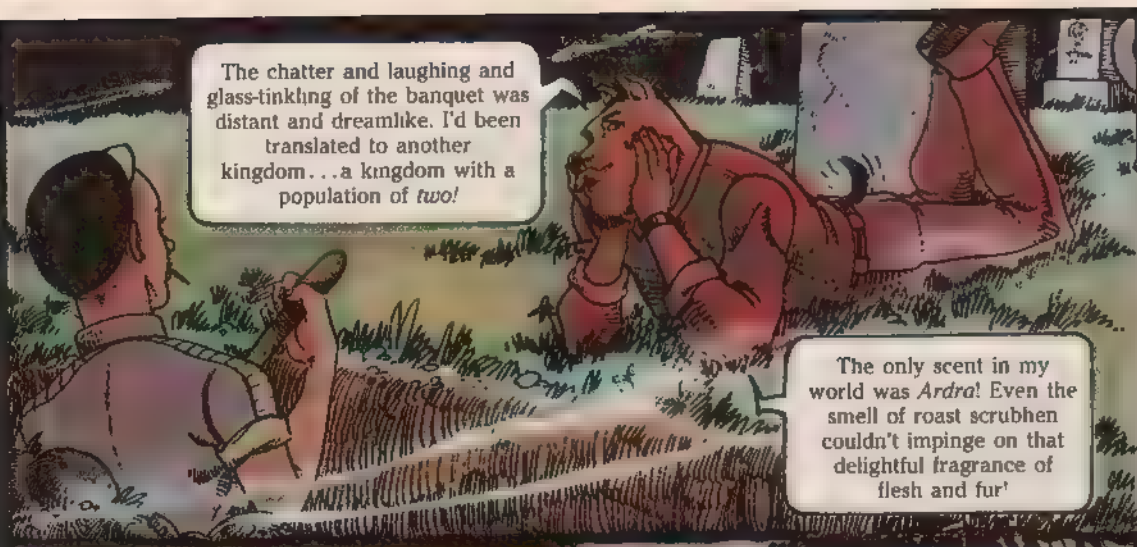
Dear
gods

Dal? Are you
out here?
I brought you a
drumstick



Dal?





The chatter and laughing and glass-tinkling of the banquet was distant and dreamlike. I'd been translated to another kingdom... a kingdom with a population of two!

The only scent in my world was Ardra! Even the smell of roast scrubhen couldn't impinge on that delightful fragrance of flesh and fur!

"We were basking in the afterglow when the air grew still and quiet. The voices died. The banquet was over. Ardra got up suddenly."

You know, Ardra, if anything results from this, I'll do the honorable....

Don't worry. It won't.

But you said... I mean, what about... you know... "making life the old fashioned way"?

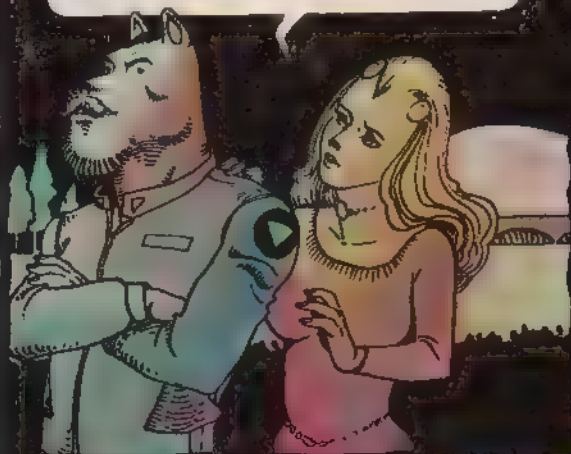
I'm very careful about those things. Besides, when I do have children, they'll be Greff's.

So now you're hot for Greff again! What do you base your love partners on... time of day?!

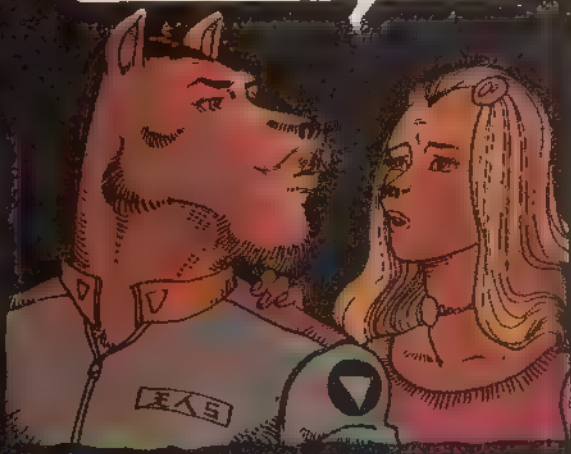
SWACK

Dad—wait! I don't want you to think...! Oh please don't be angry!

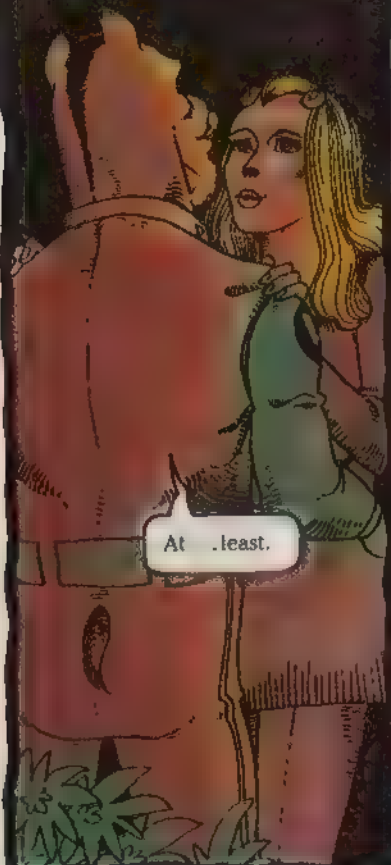
You're right, Dalgoda—I led you on. I wasn't going to get so personal...but you were so nice, and...and...I needed you right then, Dal... honestly! More than you can know!



Greff's so...well, all Greff really needs is Greff—you know what I mean? Oh...I'm not making a lick of sense! Greff has me so twisted up inside...!

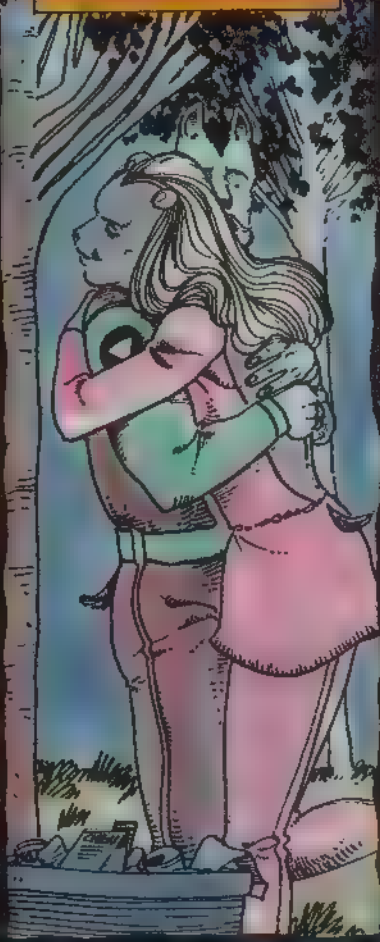


But look...Greff's my problem. You and me, we're okay! Tonight meant a lot to me and...and I'll think of it often! You'll think of me, won't you...once in a while?



At least.

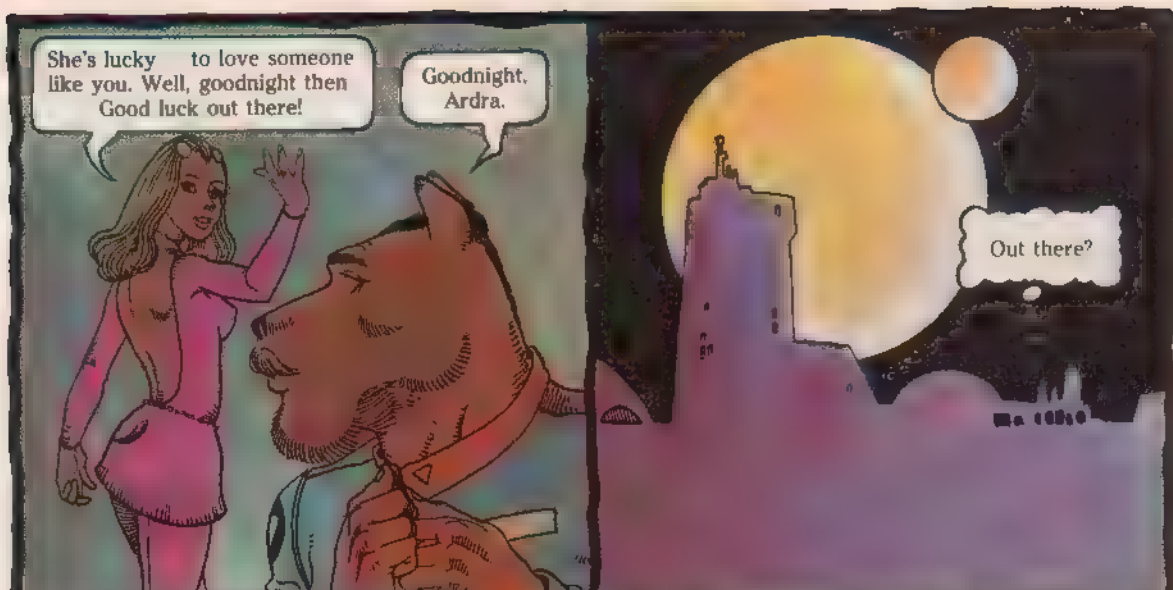
"I didn't know what more to say. She embraced me. I held her. We stood there for several long seconds. It was very odd. At last she pulled away—reluctantly, I thought."



So, listen to me, Dal. That girl, Chum—she's in love with you. She's a good kid. You could do a lot worse.



Chim... oh, of course. Yes. She's a very nice girl.



She's lucky to love someone like you. Well, goodnight then Good luck out there!

Goodnight, Aindra.

Out there?

Nothing she'd said made any sense to me Did she like me or not? What was I supposed to think?

How's the grave coming?

Great Super.

That night, everybody at the banquet took sick The microbiotics lab traced the malady to some weird virus in the soup.

Everyone...Greff included... was sick for two weeks and the doctors couldn't do anything about it. The mission was in peril.

They couldn't afford to wait any longer Since I was the only healthy trainee left, they had to give the mission to me.

Did you ever see Ardra again?

Just once. She'd requested a transfer to another department. Greff had promised to marry her when he got well

and she didn't want to be working around experimental germs when she got pregnant. She seemed happy.

FLOOMP

But I was miserable! I mean, shooting off to Earth to finagle help from a bunch of hairless apes is hardly my idea of a good time! (No offense intended.)

Meanwhile, Greff was accusing me of *stealing* his stupid mission and vowing *revenge*! Now, when I finally get home . . .

you find the entire population of your homeworld transported to another planet to escape the Nimp armada, and Greff gets his revenge by not telling you where they *went*!

Exactly.

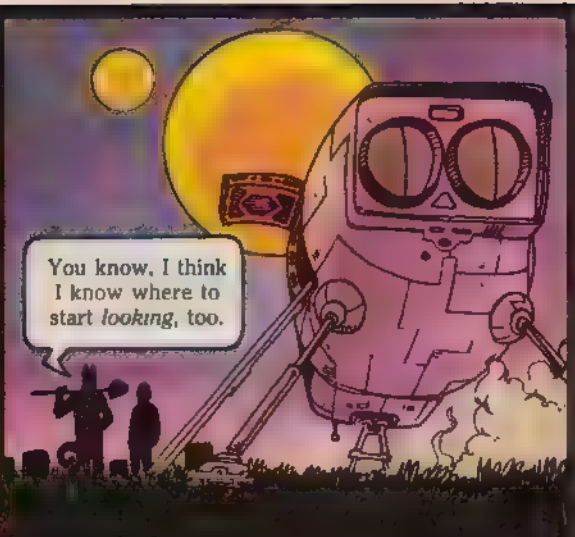
They could be anywhere, Gunner. Ardra . . . Chim . . . I never did properly thank Chim

But they're *alive*. And you're alive to search for them! Think of that!



Yes, that's something.

Sweet chases, Greff



You know, I think I know where to start looking, too.

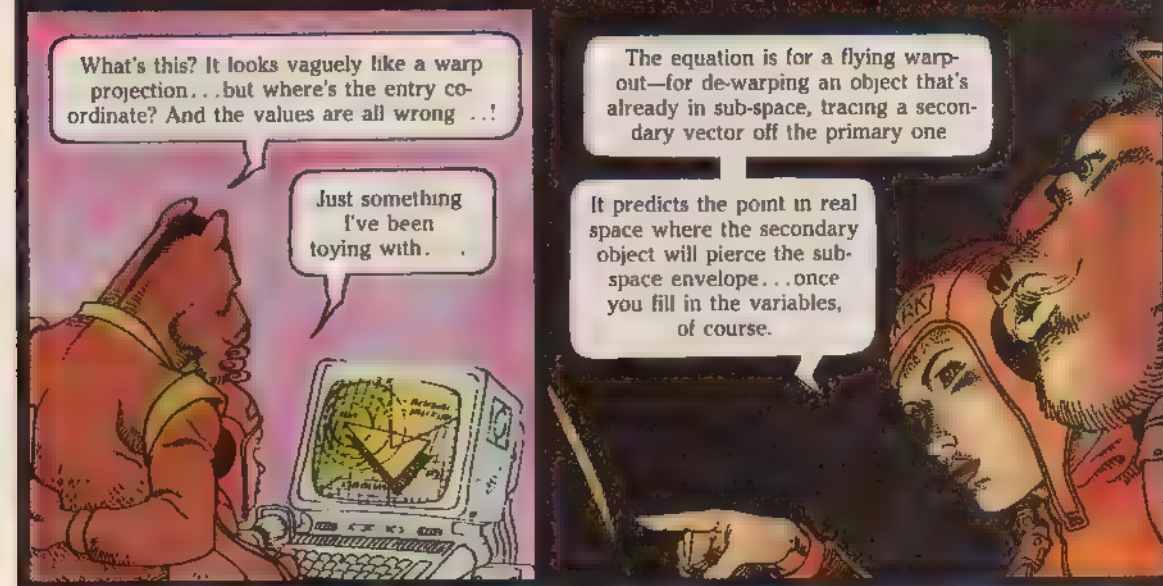


Sorry to be leaving your homeworld, Dal?

Yes and no. Seeing Canida this way... it's like returning to the house you grew up in, only to find it empty and ramshackled.



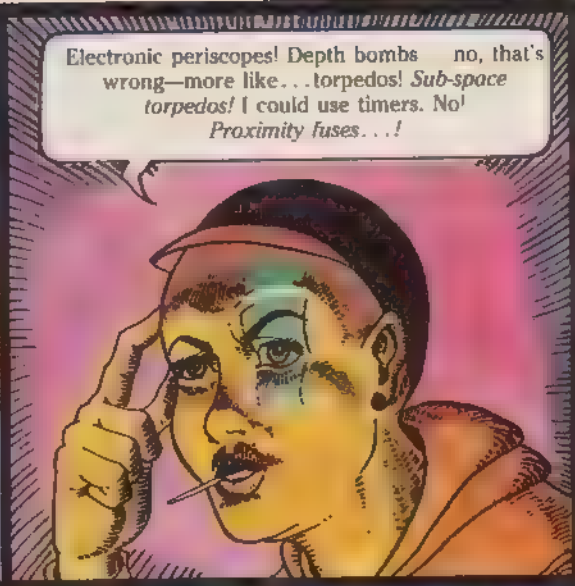
I just want to find my people, Gunner. Without them, Canida doesn't mean much



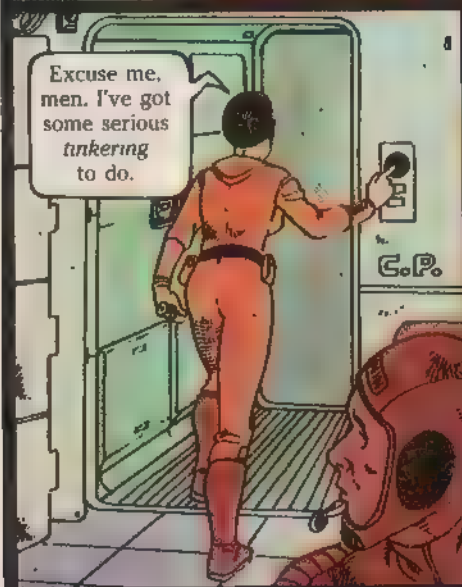


You mean, if you like... threw out the garbage from sub-space, this'd tell you where it'd turn up in *real* space?

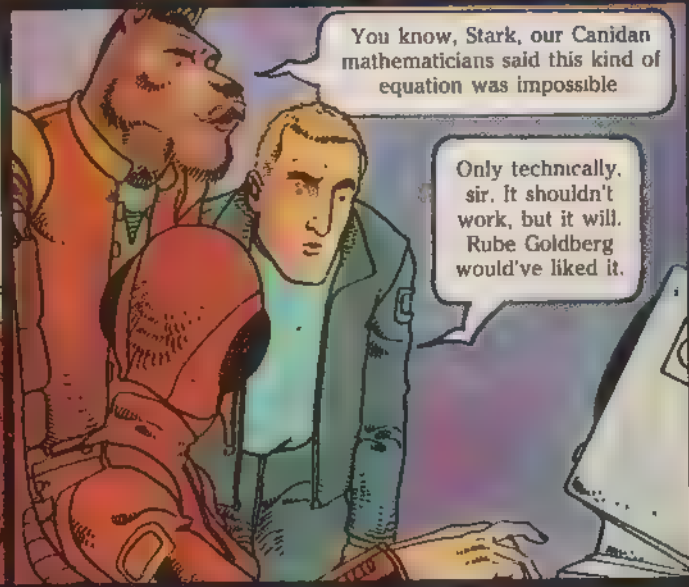
Well, I suppose you could use it for that ...



Electronic periscopes! Depth bombs—no, that's wrong—more like... torpedos! *Sub-space* torpedos! I could use timers. No! Proximity fuses...!

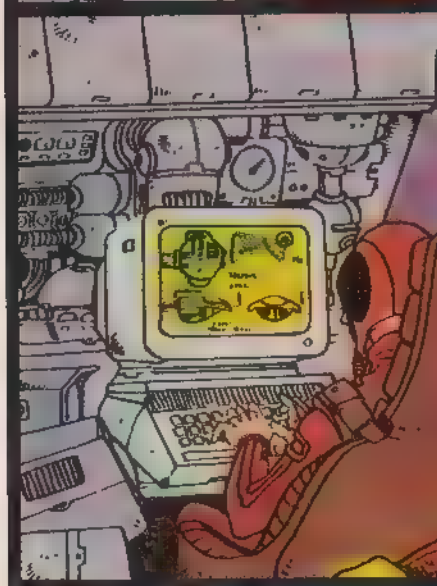


Excuse me, men. I've got some serious *tinkering* to do.



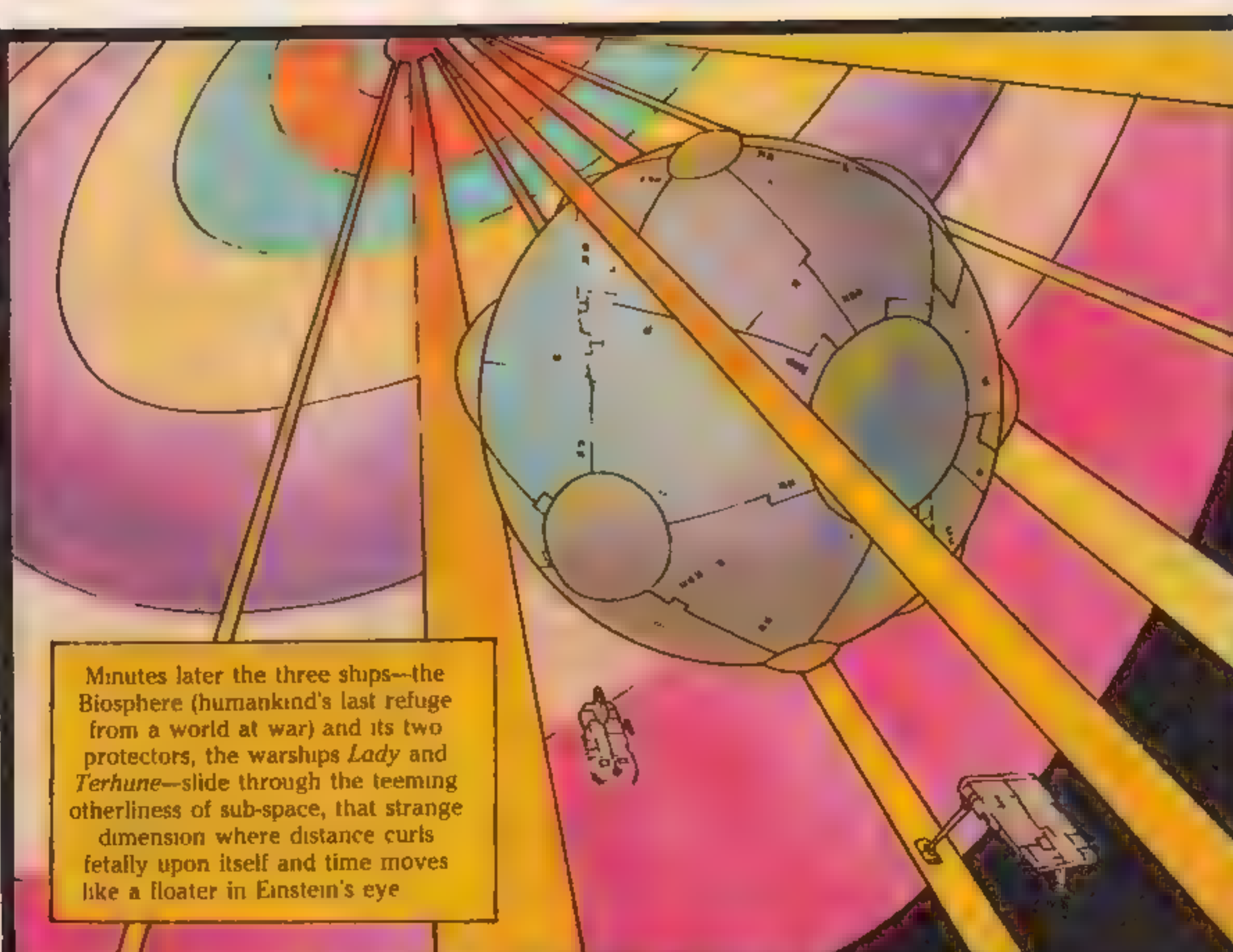
You know, Stark, our Canidan mathematicians said this kind of equation was impossible

Only technically, sir. It shouldn't work, but it will. Rube Goldberg would've liked it.



Hmm. Sub-space torpedos....

Ready for a little *battle* action, Posey?



Minutes later the three ships—the Biosphere (humankind's last refuge from a world at war) and its two protectors, the warships *Lady* and *Terhune*—slide through the teeming otherliness of sub-space, that strange dimension where distance curls fetally upon itself and time moves like a floater in Einstein's eye

For the passengers and crew, twenty-five hours pass uneventfully as the ships pass beneath fifty light years of normal space

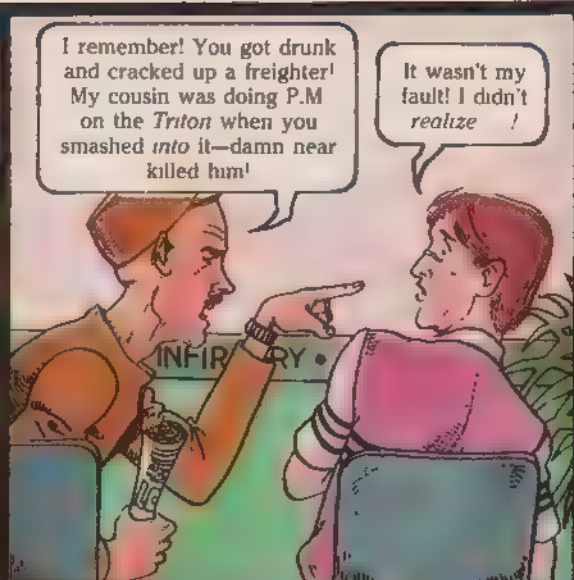
Half a century of travel at lightspeed, and we've done it in a day! Has anyone ever travelled this far in sub-space before, Dal?

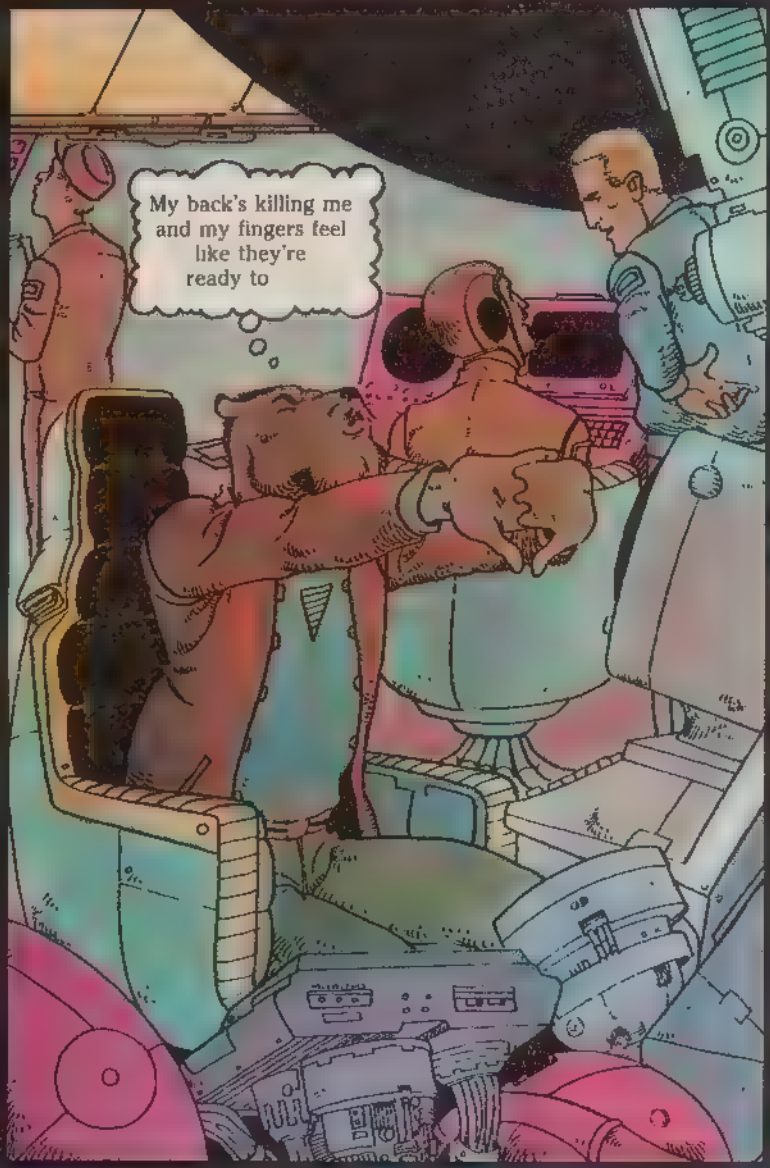
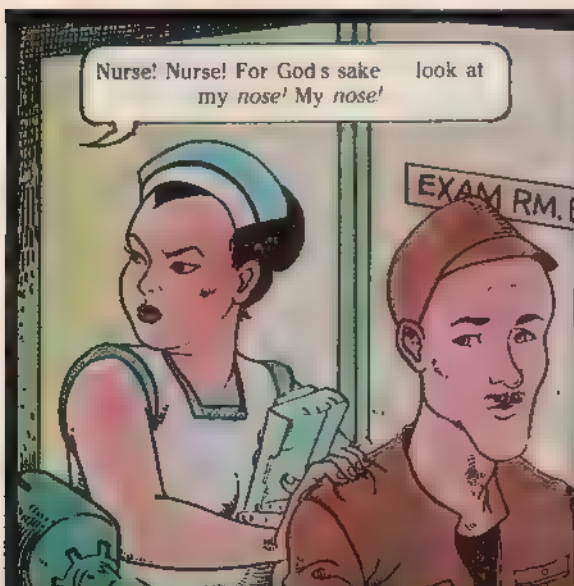
No one who's come back. They tried it with an experimental flight once.

We don't know what happened to the pilot of that flight. The ship returned on "automatic"... without him.

As a matter of fact, it was a mission just like ours—to *Demneon*.

Remind me to tell you about it sometime.





FALL OFF!

Dear gods!"

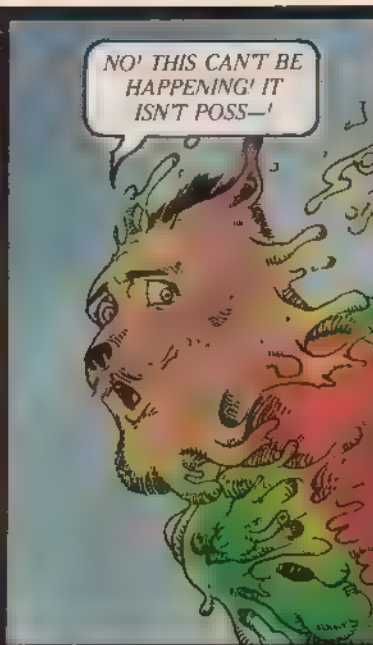
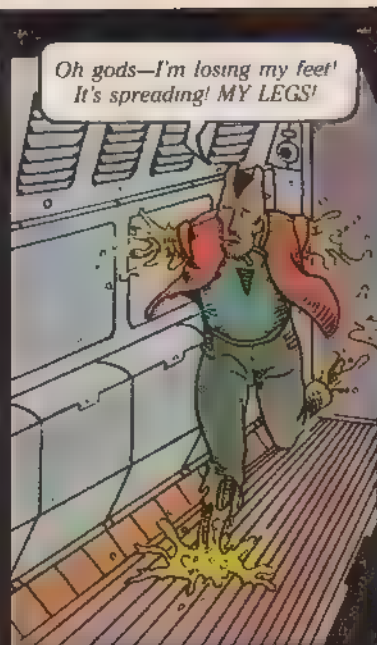
Posey!
Posey look
at my hands!

What's wrong with
them, Dal? They
look okay to me

Posey—your face! Oh
gods... your FACE!

What's
HAPPENING to
everybody?!





To be concluded

LOOK OUT FOR...



Lloyd Llewellyn

Featuring:

32 ACTION-PACKED PAGES

ALIENS...



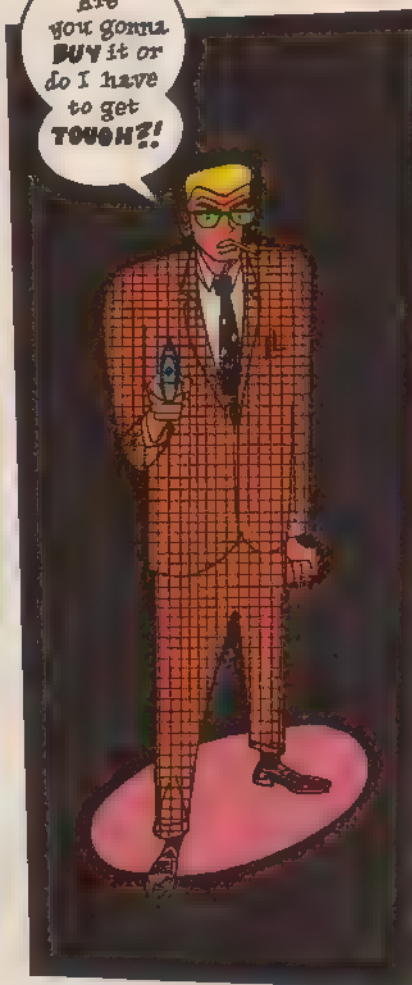
MURDERERS...



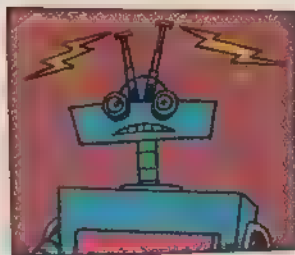
BEATNIKS...



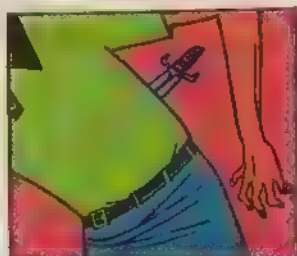
Are
you gonna
BUY it or
do I have
to get
TOUGH?!



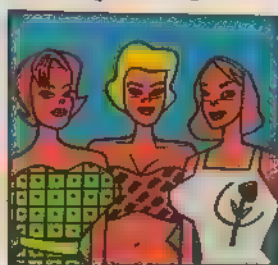
ROBOTS...



SENSELESS VIOLENCE...



and GIRLS, GIRLS, GIRLS!



© Daniel Clowes '85

I'm hip! LLOYD LLEWELLYN looks like just the kind of comic I've been waiting for! Send me the first issue right away! I've enclosed \$2.50 (\$1.95 plus 55 cents postage and handling)—\$3.00 outside the U.S. of A.

Hey, don't you cats publish Love and Rockets too? In that case, I know I can trust your judgment: count me in for a full year's subscription (six fabulous issues) to LLOYD LLEWELLYN I've enclosed \$9.95 (outside U.S. \$11.95)—a substantial saving over cover price!

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

ZIP _____

Send to Fantagraphics Books, 4359 Cornell Road, Agoura, CA 91301. But be cool and give us six to eight weeks for delivery—the P.O. ain't what it used to be!

**The coolest comic
on the newsstand.
(Would we kid ya?)**

Coming this Christmas from
FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS
THEY HAVEN'T STOPPED US YET.

The forestland was besopped with new rain. To **Wolverine MacAlistaire**, a killer of beavers and men, the wet grass meant silence for hunting and a clear scent for stalking. He was grease-hungry and ornery because of it.



which naturally described the condition of most creatures, this early in Spring. They were winter-starved and apt to be unsympathetic to humans. Even the bees were armoured beasts with armoured thoughts.



a Wolverine MacAlistaire Adventure

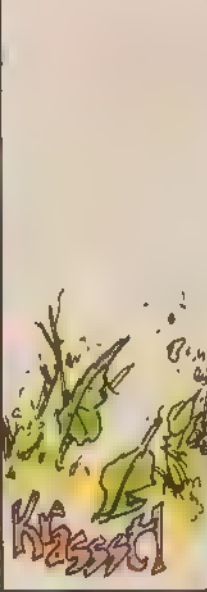


Some days it seemed to him that everything in the wilderness was *alien* to everything else... that even the forest, which he knew like his own skin, was hostile to him, and would, in its quiet way, roll over his bones and hide them forever.

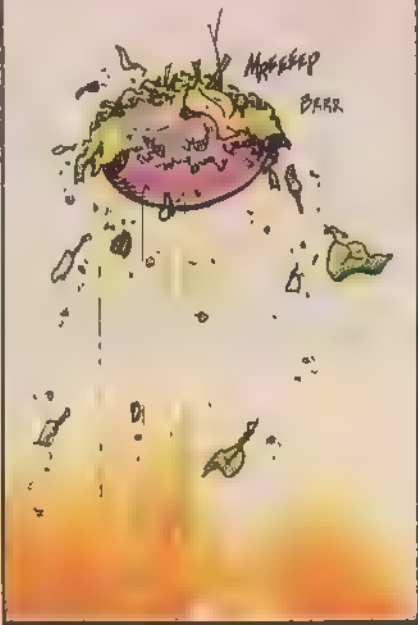
He kicked something buried in the forest mulch and wondered what else the forest had hid under the layers of leaves and bark and grass..



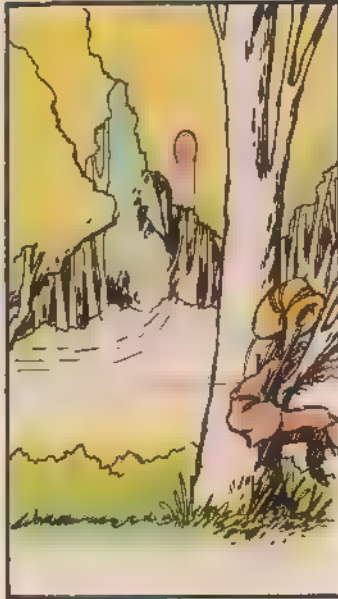
Things lost and forgot, mebbe from before the time of Man

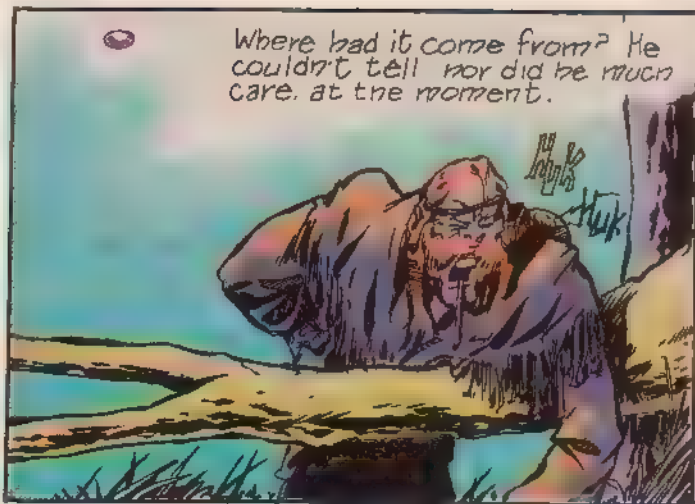


Things strange, filled with danger and memory. The ruins of cities, mebbe weapons and near-weapons, left behind...

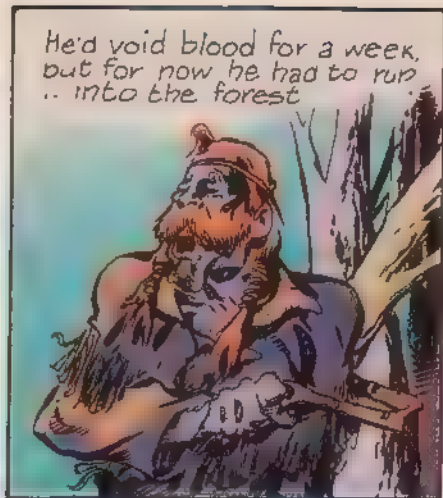


All in all, it was lucky such things never got uncovered...

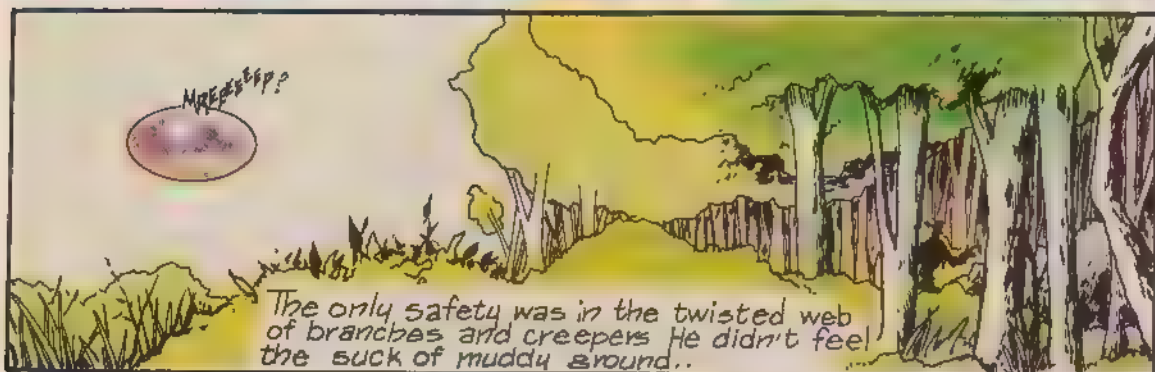




Where had it come from? He couldn't tell nor did he much care, at the moment.



He'd void blood for a week, but for now he had to run .. into the forest



The only safety was in the twisted web of branches and creepers He didn't feel the suck of muddy ground..



the slash of wet leaves against his face...

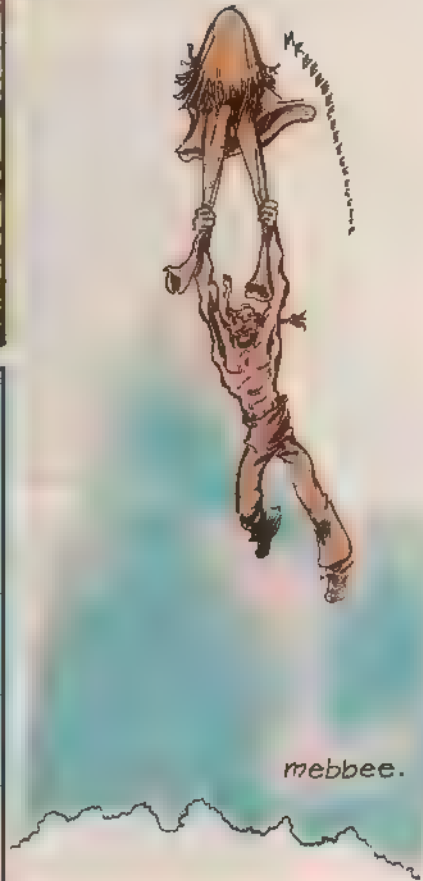
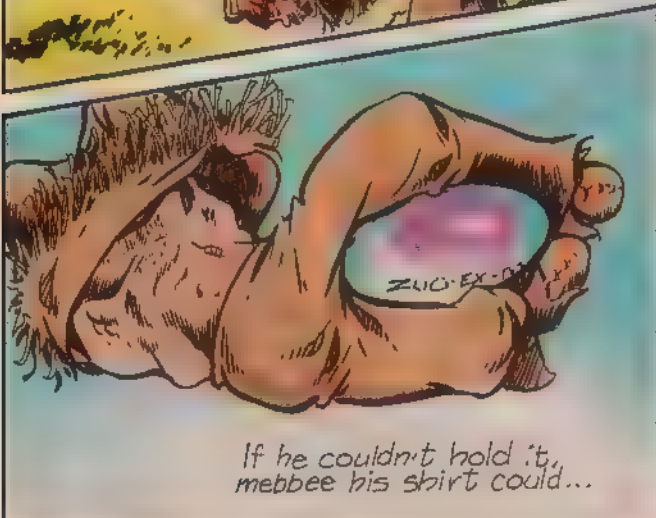
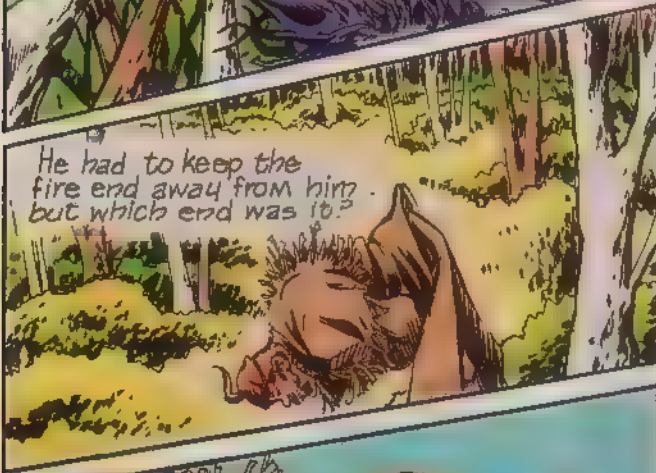
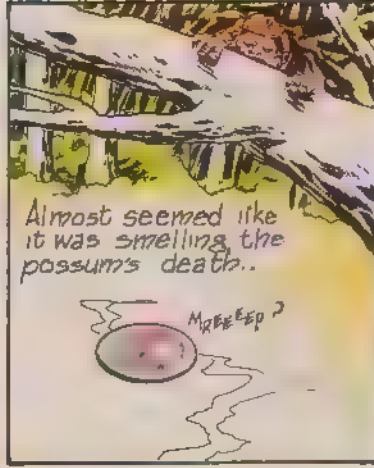


.. nothing, but the fear behind his back.



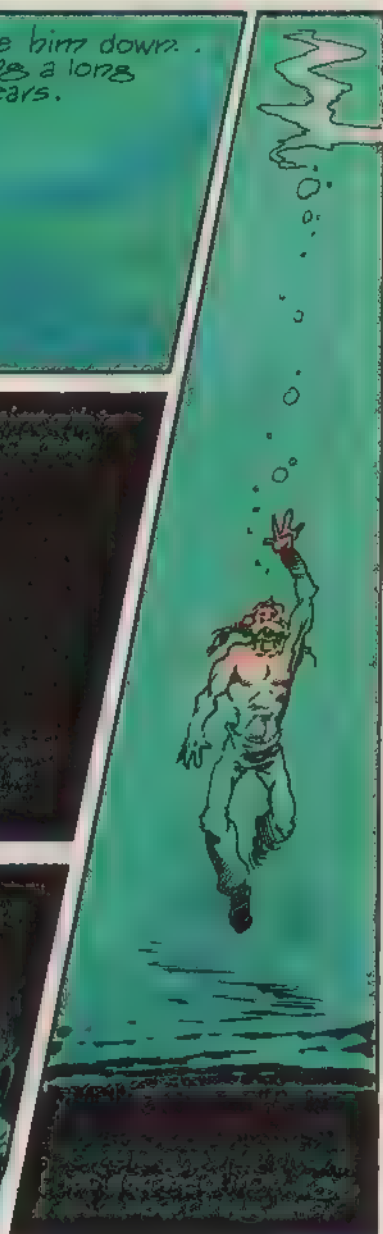
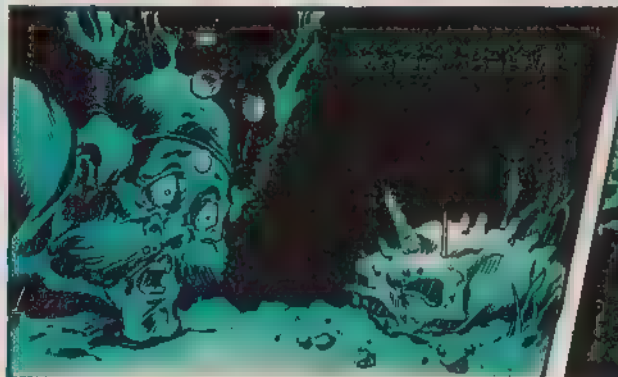
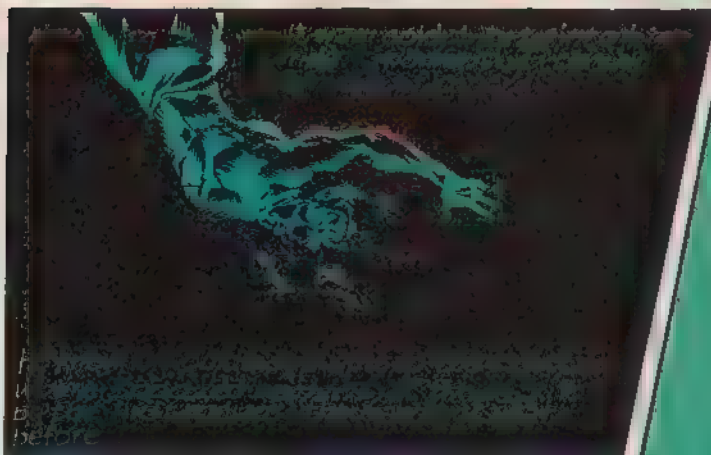
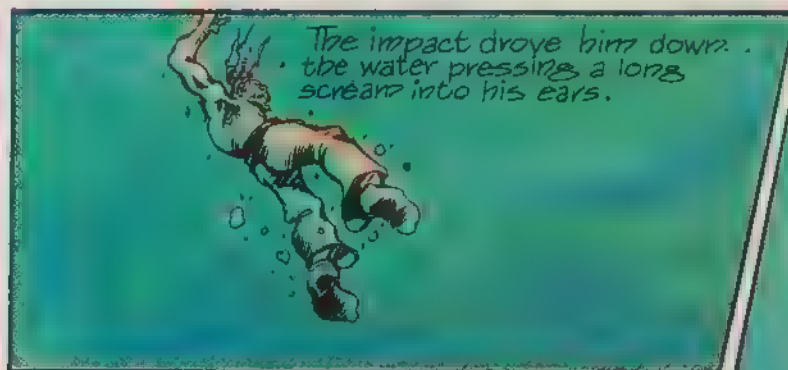
MREEEP
MREEEP
MREEEP

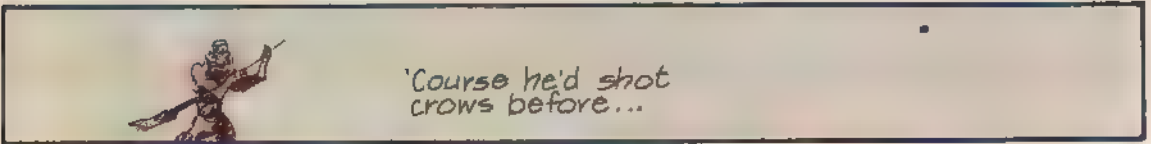
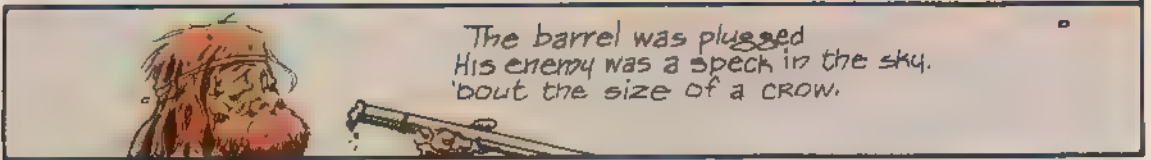
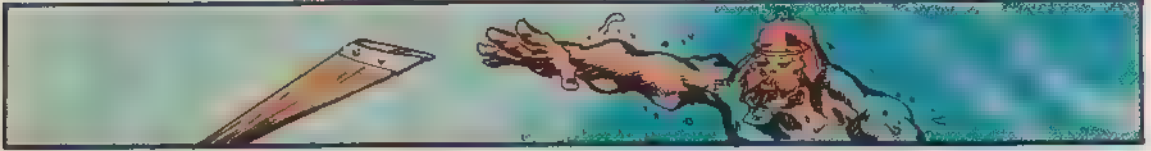
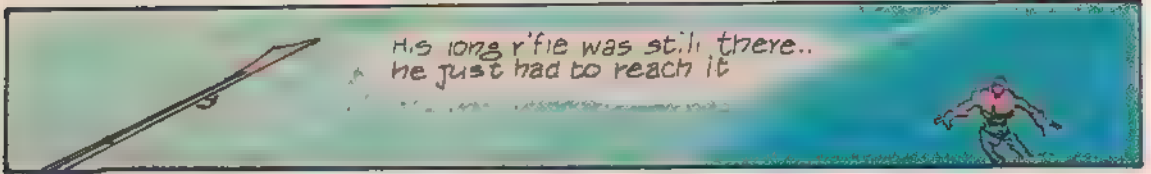
DTAGET





You only die once..





it was over. The heat had lasted too short a time to kill him. His skin burned like a long summer day.



For three days' march in every direction, the tops of the trees were charred. But there'd be no spreading fire.. too damn wet.



And mabbee it was, after a fashion.
The wilderness had its own truth.

Yep. There was a deal of burned wood, but the forest would forget this. It had forgot worse. In a year, it would be green, without scars. And if he told about th's day, why folks'd say it was a "bucksinner lie".



Somewheres in the woods was a dead 'possum. dead and cooked.

He meant to find it.



Life on the Michigan frontier was filled with Adventure, Fear, Battle, Murder, and Death...



...and then there were the Bad Days.

JOURNEY

**The Adventures of Wolverine MacAlistaire
PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS**

- ☐ Hmm... that was an interesting "Journey" story in this month's *Dalgoda*. Please send me a sample copy of JOURNEY so I can see if I want to continue following Wolverine's adventures. I've enclosed \$2.00 (outside U.S.: \$2.50).
- ☐ Okay, I'm convinced! Send me the next 6 issues of JOURNEY! I've enclosed \$9.00 in U.S. funds (outside U.S.: \$11.00)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Send to: JOURNEY, 4359 Cornell Road, Agoura, CA 91301. Please allow 6-8 weeks for delivery of first issue.

PRESENTING THE
LIMITED EDITION

DAL SHIRT

exclusively from MORSTUF

NO MERE T-SHIRT, the Dal Shirt is being custom cut, sewn, and printed for Morstuf by the esteemed Long John Shirt Company of California.

THE DESIGN includes the large, full-color "Emblem of the Sub-Spacers" on the back, and a tasteful two-color rendering of Dalgoda in the left "pocket" area (but there's no pocket).

THREE DISTINCTIVE STYLES are available: long sleeve for \$19.95, and short sleeve or sleeveless for \$17.95. And they come in **FIVE SIZES**: XS, S, M, L and XL.

COMPLETELY GUARANTEED. If you aren't happy with your Dal Shirt for any reason, return it within 30 days and we'll cheerfully refund your money.

The Dal Shirt is available only by mail, only from Morstuf, and for a limited time. Please don't get one of our "Sorry - sold out" post cards instead of the shirt you want...order today!

Order from: Morstuf
P.O. Box 7183
Thousand Oaks CA 91359

Enclose \$1.50 per shirt for postage and handling.
California residents add 8 percent sales tax.

Office located at 707 Camino Mansanas
Thousand Oaks, CA 91360
Jan and Julie Stroud, Props.

NATURAL COLOR
HEAVYWEIGHT SHIRT
(min. shrinkage)



Full-color back design, approx. 9 x 10"

Two-color pocket design, approx. 3 x 4"



LETTERS

A NOTE TO OUR READERS:

We owe apologies to you (and Ken Smith) for last issue's color printing. Our color separator and printer have always had a little trouble remaining completely faithful to Ken Smith's luminous color work on *Dalgoda*, but the color printing last issue was off by a margin we found unacceptable, to say the least. Despite color proofs that were very close to Ken's original coloring, our printer, by his own admission, managed to change the color tones by 30% or more. This is particularly frustrating to a publisher (not to mention a colorist) who prides himself on high-quality production values. We are taking steps to make sure this kind of printing glitch doesn't occur again.

While Ken continues to color *Dalgoda*'s back-up feature (this issue it's Bill Loeb's Journey, next issue it will be Alan Moore and Steve Parkhouse's "Bojefries Saga"), we'd like to welcome Mark Wheatley and Kathryn Mayer as Dal's new color team.

Meanwhile, Ken Smith is preparing the first Phantasmagoria book collection, featuring Ken's most ambitious fantasy art, strip work, and illustrations, published by Fantagraphics Books, and scheduled for summer release. Dal's loss is Phantasmagoria's gain. Watch for further announcements.

—GARY GROTH

Dear Jan & Co.,

I just wanted to drop you a line to tell you how much I enjoy *Dalgoda*. Great story, great art. I only hope you can publish a little more frequently.

One question—I wonder if Ken Smith will ever publish *Phantasmagoria* again. I think the time for it is now as the market for something different, e.g. *Love and Rockets*, is now.

Nathaniel M. Pine
Boston, MA

Funny you should mention Phantasmagoria... see Gary's remarks above.

Ken's gorgeous and thought-provoking magazine was truly ahead of its time, the mid-'70s, and transcends the standards of its milieu even today. (Some would say "especially" today.)

As for Dal's schedule, what can I say? We're trying to do better.

—JAN STRNAD

Dear Jan,

No matter how hard you try, you ain't getting rid of this reader! I've been with *Dalgoda* from the first, liked it tremendously, and fully intend to stay with it.

Sorry about seeing *Grimwood's Daughter* ending. How about a deluxe one-shot collecting the mini-saga together?

Next question. I have written and am beginning to illustrate a story of my own, and when it's done I would like to submit it to someone. How is this done? How does one prepare samples of his work?

Willis Couvillier
Reno, NV

Grimwood's Daughter is being collected into a graphic album that will probably

see the light of day sometime in 1986.

As for submitting work for publication, a few simple rules will generally see you through the ordeal:

1. Only send copies, never send originals. They'll probably get torn, spilled on, etc., maybe even lost.

2. Send samples to the people who can act on their opinions: editors. Writers and artists don't make publishing decisions, and they have to be careful about looking at other people's unpublished work because of potential legal problems.

3. Enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope for a reply, especially if you want your samples back. (I don't find it's worth the expense to pay return postage on battered, coffee-stained manuscripts, so I just send a self-addressed, stamped post card.)

4. Prepare yourself for long waits and lots of rejection.

5. Think about publishing your material yourself on whatever scale you can afford. You'll get the feedback you need from others and you'll gather some valuable insight into the publishing business. You'd be surprised to learn how many comics pros published fanzines before breaking into the "big time."

6. Marry someone with a steady job. (I'm serious). —JS

Dear Guys,

I picked up *Dalgoda* #6 this weekend along with Comico's *Mage*, \$3.50 for two comics! Ow! *Dalgoda* and *Mage* are worth the cost, but that's all I picked up at the comic shop. The days of buying everything are long gone!

Jan is one of the cleverest writers writing today as evidenced by the totally different mood found in *Dalgoda* and *Grimwood's Daughter*. The art complemented the mood of the tales perfectly! Kevin Nowlan turned in some of the most finely drawn, realistic work since the glory days of Reed Crandall and Al Williamson. The coloring was unique and beautiful, definitely the most painterly use yet of the new printing technology. I hope you can get some more work out of Kevin.

Dennis Fujitake's art is marvelous! I've always loved his fanzine drawings and I'm glad to see he's a natural storyteller. His work is a delightful amalgam of Steve Ditko, Roy Crane, and Moebius. In short, I love it!

The only complaint I have about *Dalgoda* is the publishing (ahem) schedule. Fantagraphics is always exciting me with news of their great publications such as *NEMO*, *Love and Rockets*, *Dalgoda*, and *Popeye* and then torturing me with a long wait. Work on it, will ya?

Thanks!

Donald H. Mangus
Dallas, TX

Getting more work out of Kevin and accelerating the publishing schedule are, alas, two diametrically opposed endeavors. Kevin's great... but slow!

Thanks for writing a letter containing names like "Reed Crandall" and "Roy Crane." We don't get to hear them enough any more. —JS

NEXT ISSUE:



AS WELL AS:



By JAN STRNAD, DENNIS FUJITAKE, MARK WHEATLEY and KATHRYN MAYER, STEVE PARKHOUSE, KEN SMITH, and ...uh... what's his name... you know, that fellow who writes some horror comic for DC... Alex... Alvin... no, that's not it... uh... (Anyway, it'll be on sale in January. Honest.)

Begin my subscription to *Dalgoda* with the next issue off the presses! I enclose a check or money order for \$12.00 for the next 6 issues (outside U.S., \$14.50 in U.S. funds).

name _____

address _____

state/prov. _____ zip/country _____

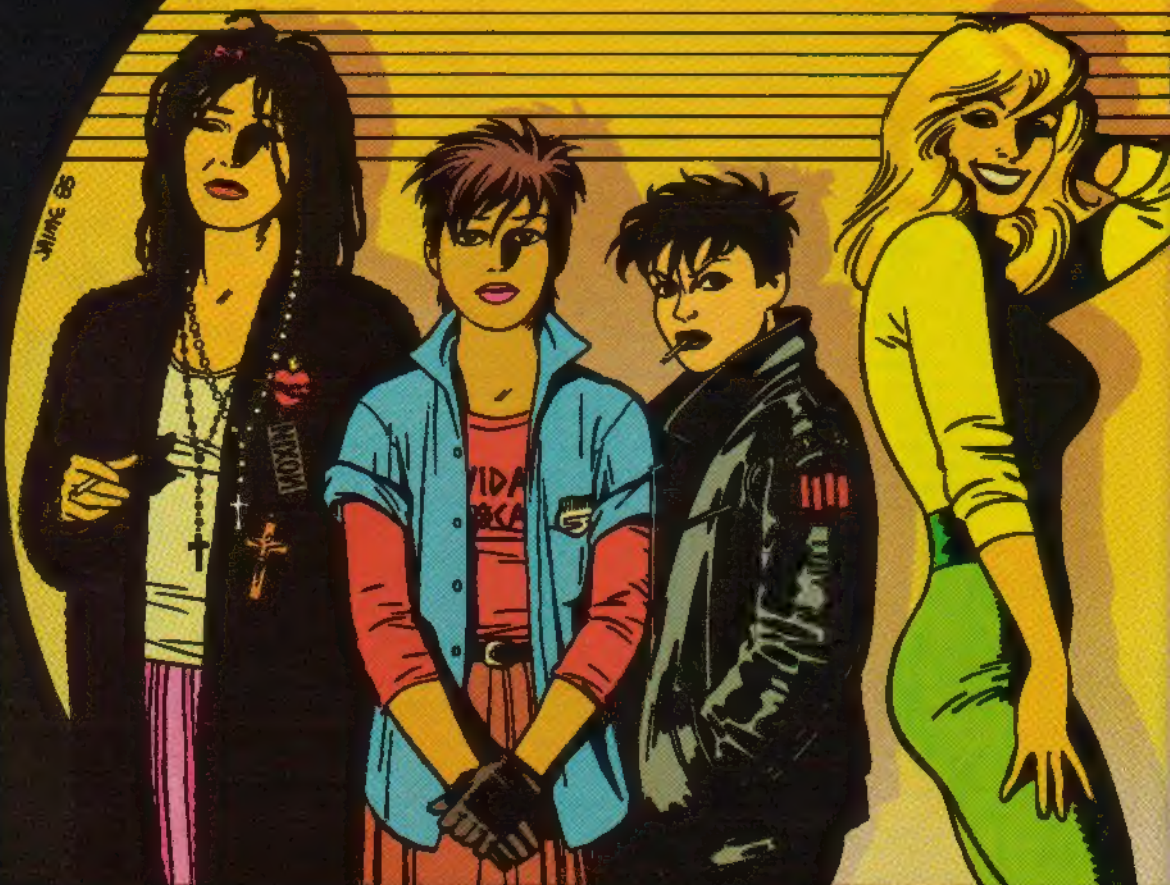
Send to:

DALGODA SUBS, 4359 Cornell Rd.,
Agoura Hills, California 91301.

(Please make check or money order payable to DALGODA. Allow 6-8 weeks for your first copy to arrive. NOTE: All copies gently placed in protective envelopes and mailed with tender loving care by Julie Strnad.)

DALGODA, 4359 Cornell Road, Agoura, CA 91301

THE BEST COMIC OF THE '80s?



LOVE AND ROCKETS

"The pure and essential crackle of comicbooks at their best runs through these pages. Accept no substitutes."
—ALAN MOORE (Swamp Thing)

"The Hernandez Brothers are extending the parameters of the comic book form as an expressive artform . . ."
—KEN KRUGE (WBAI, New York)

"A pleasure to read over and over again—and hell, even more."
—MATT HOWARTH (Heavy Metal)

"Their stories have a naturalism that I've never seen done in any comics."
—STEVE LEIALOHA (Marvel Comics)

"One of the best things on the market."
—STEVE RUDE (Nexus)

"Everybody should be out there reading Love and Rockets."
—HOWARD CHAYKIN (American Flag!)

"C'est une merveille . . . un dessin 'parfait'!"
—MOEBIUS (Heavy Metal)

" . . . the most unpredictable fantasy and the most advanced characterization published today."
—WENDY PINI (Elftquest)

"Never before have comics produced such strong cumulative effects."
—DAVID CHUTE (L.A. Herald-Examiner)

"So real, so funny, so rich. There's no comic like it. In fact, there's nothing like it, period."
—HEIDI MacDONALD (Comics Buyer's Guide)

Published every other month by FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS